

E241
G9M8

The Battle-Ground Oak



*Just so, they say, old violins
Soft echoes long have borne,
To touch and thrill, and moving skill
Of Masters dead and gone.*



ADDRESS
TO THE
BATTLE-GROUND
OAK

AT OLD GUILFORD COURTHOUSE
GREENESBORO, N. C.



Circumference 18 Feet
Spread of Bough 91 1-2 Feet



By JOSEPH M. MOREHEAD
President Guilford Battle-Ground Company



GREENESBORO, N. C.
JOS. J. STONE & CO.
Anno Domini MCMIV

E241

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Gift
Author
(Person)
22 B '04

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The Battle-Ground Park contains one hundred acres, has twenty-three monuments, five springs, Lake Wilfong and one of the finest fire-proof Museums of Revolutionary Relics and Autographs in the Union, and four fine pieces of Statuary. It is the patriotic work of private individuals, aided by the Legislature of North Carolina.



Address to the
Battle Ground Oak

Staunch relic of the ages gone!
Child of the centuries!
Your whisperings lave my spirits grave
In hushed soliloquies.

Spring after spring has brought its bloom
And fall has bronzed it o'er;
Yet here You stand serenely grand
As in the days of yore.

To you spring brings increase of strength,
And fall but needed rest;
And loftier still with sturdy will
You rear your royal crest.

As summer's sun or winter's chill
The face of nature sears,
Within you write of time's slow flight—
The score of dying years.

Kings, Colonies, Republics, States
Have sprung and grown to power,
And in your day, beneath your sway,
Have breathed their little hour.

You saw the dawn of liberty,
When freedom westward sped!
The ages came! beneath her flame
The tyrant's might is shed.

You saw within these "Western Wilds"
An infant nation's birth,
And watched it grow through many a throe—
The noblest now on earth.

Rude patriots sought your shelt'ring boughs
When Britain's murd'rous might
Their hearth-stones strewed with tears and blood
And made all nature night.

[Unarmed, unskilled, unclad, unshod,
Determined to be free,
Your sires, sir, and mine right here,
With life bought liberty.]

Near you the wary, weary Greene
His war-worn blanket spread;
And far around this sacred ground
Still sleep his glorious dead.

In silence for one hundred years
You've guarded well this spot—
Each rood a grave of patriot brave—
And seen their mem'ries rot.

♦

Cry "shame", thou Witness of the deeds
Of these blood-stained ones!
With tongue of flame cry out "shame", "shame"
On their degenerate sons.

Cry "shame" till roused to duty's call
This broad land brooks no pause,
And we atone in brass and stone
Full worthy of the cause.

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Wave on! and with your country's flag  
Still flaunt your front on high!  
And storms that blow and floods that flow  
For evermore defy.

(Over)

*The vast body of the Revolutionary patriots in the North should take notice of this North Carolina work \* \* a field preserved and paid for, with its history collected and preserved on tablets and monuments. Those who have brought it to success are at the sunset of life. It would be in every sense fitting if the National Government should receive this finished work of patriotism and provide for its future care.*

**GENERAL HENRY V. BOYNTON**

*In Washington Post, July, 1903*

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